Cade. The Duke of Yorke, nay I learnt it my ſelfe,
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Staf. Well, that's true: But what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staf. That's falſe.

Cade. I, but I ſay tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was ſtolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his ſonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know was true;
For his father built a chimney in my fathers houſe,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifye it.

Cade. But doeſt thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers ſake, in whoſe time boyes playde at ſpan-counter with French Crownes, I am content that he ſhall be King as long as he liues: marry alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

Staf. O monſtrous ſimplicity.

Cade. And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayes* head, and the Duke of Somerſets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Anioy* and *Mayne*, and ſelling the Townes in France: by which means England hath bene maim'd euer ſince, and gone as it were with a crutch, but that my puiſſance held it vp. And beſides, they can ſpeake French, and therefore they are Traitors.

Staf. As how I prethee?

Cade. Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not?
And then can he that ſpeakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good ſubiect? Anſwere me to that.

Staf. Well ſirra, wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he wil pardon thee and theſe, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then Ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That thoſe that will forſake the Rebell Cade,

Shall

Shall haue free pardon from his Maieſty.

Exit Stafford and his men.

Cade. Come ſirs, S. George for vs and Kent. *Exit omnes.*

Alarmes to the battell, where ſir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both ſlaine. Then enters Iacke Cade againe, and the reſt.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou haſt fought to day moſt valiantly, and knockt them down as if thou hadſt bin in thy ſlaughter-houſe, and thus I will reward thee: The Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it was, and thou ſhalt haue licenſe to kil for fourſcore and one a weeke. Drum ſtrike vp, for now weel march to London, and to morrow I mean to ſit in the Kings ſeat at Weſtminſter. *Exit omnes*

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say, with others.

King. Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is ſlaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London.
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their Generall.
Yet ſtay, Ile reade the Letter once againe;
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath ſolemnly vow'd to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam, ſtill lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death? I feare my Loue if I had bin dead, thou woldſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh flye my Lord, the Rebels are entred Southwarke,
And haue almoſt wonne the Bridge,
Calling your Grace an vſurper:
And that monſtrous Rebell Cade, hath ſworne
To crowne himſelfe King in Weſtminſter,
Therefore flye my Lord, and poſt to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An army vp, and meete with the Rebels.

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